

KOSCIUSKO CHRONICLE.

BY GEORGE W. HARLOW,

"As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

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TERMS.

The CHRONICLE is published every Saturday morning, at Two Dollars per annum, invariably in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at the following rates, to wit: For every six lines or less, first insertion, fifty cents; and for each subsequent insertion, twenty-five cents, payable in advance, or upon first insertion.

Standing advertisements, every six lines or less, will be inserted as follows:

Three months	\$3 00
Six months	5 00
One year	8 00

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Announcing candidates for office, five dollars, payable in advance.

Any person who will procure us five subscribers, and forward the amount (\$10) shall be entitled to a sixth copy gratis.

Letters on business with the office, to ensure attention, must be post paid or free. Money may be sent by mail at our risk, if a receipt is first taken from the postmaster.

Job work must be paid for on delivery.

New Orleans and the Pacific.

In the recent published travels of A. M. Gilliane, United States consul to California, we find the following interesting remarks on the subject of a railway communication between the Pacific coast and the Mississippi river, or some one of its navigable tributaries:

In Upper California are three of the best ports, and the only harbors for shipping, upon the entire coast of the Pacific ocean, upon the continent of North America. If any one should doubt the practicability of a railroad from New Orleans to the Pacific coast, let them read Kendall's expedition to Santa Fe, or any accounts of the St. Louis traders to that place, and he could not have a moment's hesitation in believing all that may be said, regarding its easy success, as also the importance of accomplishing such a design. If frail and heavy laden wagons can be drawn between the above named places, without roads, over the plains and thence to the Pacific, it is self evident that a railroad could be constructed without difficulty, or what an engineer would call a single obstructed. By an examination of the map, it will be perceived that a railroad, running from San Francisco to New Orleans, would only have to cross the head waters of some of the streams of Texas; and if any of the shoals of the Mississippi river should prove to be a formidable barrier, it can easily be discovered that the road could escape all of the waters of Texas, and, passing over a dry country, could be carried direct to Napoleon at the mouth of the Arkansas river. This road would never have ice or snow to cover its rails, or obstruct its passage, but could perpetually be traveled at all seasons.

While upon the Pacific coast, I inquired of an American whom I met there, and who had travelled all over New Mexico, if it was his opinion that a rail road could be built from San Francisco to the Mississippi river? He replied that "he had no doubt or hesitated on in saying that he could drive a sulky all the way from San Francisco to New Orleans, at the rate of ten miles per hour, without the fear of upsetting it." When a road has been constructed from New Orleans to the Pacific, the Mississippi and the Ohio rivers would then have the monopoly of the commerce of the Pacific ocean! which would also control that of the world! There would then be not one of the states of the Union but could have a direct trade with the East Indies, China, and the islands of the Pacific. The southwest, by the gulf of Mexico; North and South Carolina, by the Charleston and Knoxville railroad; Virginia, by her railroad from Point Pleasant to Lynchburg, and canal to Richmond; Maryland, by the Ohio and Baltimore railroad, and Ohio and Potomac canal; and the whole northern states, from Pittsburg and the way of the lakes.

What is good Farming.—The best and most pithy definition we ever heard of good farming, was given by Mr. Kane, at a large agricultural meeting in Dorsetshire, England. He said, he fed his land before hungry, rested it before weary, and weeded it before foul."

Secure all your ashes. Don't let them be lost. A handful sprinkled around a hill of corn, is preferable to a shovel full of old dung in the hill. On turnips, beans, &c., &c., their effects are immediate and efficient.

Pay Your Debts.

All persons, whether in business or not, should make it a point, once in a year—and there is no better time than the beginning of the year—to settle up their accounts. The merchant should make it a principle to square up with all with whom he is accustomed to transact business—and in especial to pay off the mechanics and laborers in his employ—and if a merchant cannot do this, he sure he is in "bad sledding." The manufacturer should likewise make square work with the hands in his employment—if he cannot accomplish it one year, he will be likely to find more difficulty in doing it the next. The trader, the mechanic—whatever profession a man may follow, he should adopt it as a rule, in no case to be infringed upon, unless the most unequivocal necessity compels, to settle up once in a year. And those who do business, as well as paying up themselves, should insist upon a settlement with their customers—it will not be always expected to get the cash, but get something—square the books. You may lose a customer by it, but a customer who is unwilling to make a settlement once in a year, is not worth having; and where you lose in one instance, you will gain in half a dozen—for the man who has been a long time indebted to you, rather than meet you, will carry his business to another shop, but if compelled to settle, the chances are ten to one that you hold on to him. Then again the man who is prompt himself, and who insists on promptness in his customers, finds it far easier to make settlements than he who is lax in his system of business—people know that it will be expected of them, and they time their arrangements so as to meet the contingency. And the prompt business man can afford to sell cheaper than he who loses one quarter of his dues—this is self evident. The latter, in addition to a reasonable profit, has to average upon his customers the loss thus arising. As business is now done, too often those who have occasion to employ others, withhold the payment for their services as long as possible, and thus oblige them in turn, to neglect payment where they are indebted. It should be remembered that a \$5 bill, promptly paid for services, may pay fifty debts of \$5 each, by passing from hand to hand. It seems to be a general idea among mankind that it is not of so much consequence to pay small debts as large ones—whereas in reality it is generally of much more consequence. The dues of the laborer, the journeyman mechanic, etc., etc., are but small, and if deprived of these small dues, they are often deprived of the means of obtaining sufficient food and clothing. There is no class of business men that suffer so much on account of the laxity of customers as the publishers of newspapers. Their dues are generally but small in amount, but they are many, and scattered wide and far through the country. It is but a dollar or two says the subscriber, but he forgets that on such small sums depends the ability of the printer to sustain himself and to pay his debts promptly—they are his *multum in parvo*. In fine, promptness in settlements is better for the creditor, better for the debtor—and is one of the surest indications of uprightness and honesty.

If a lady were lame in the arm, and in the left leg; if she was blind in one eye and couldn't see with the other; if she had no teeth, and her gums worn off; if she had a bump behind, and to amend, was perfectly flat before; and if she was club-footed and had a cancer on her nose; and if she had a "spit-fire" temper, and, forty-nine negroes, with seventy-five thousand dollars cash, how many suitors would she have? Don't all speak at once!

An Irishman being asked whether he did not frequently converse with a friend in Irish, replied, "No, indeed; Jimmy often speaks to me in Irish, but I always answer him in English." "Why so?" "Because you see, I don't want Jimmy to know that I understand Irish!"

THE TIMID MAN.—A timid man can never become great; if he possesses talent, he cannot apply it; he is trampled upon by the envious and awed by the swaggering; he is thrust from the direct path which leads to honor, by every aspirant who possesses more spirit than himself.

A Real Conversation.

"Sir," said a poor ragged and rough-looking man, upon whose countenance traces of sorrow and extreme suffering were visible, to an individual whose sleek and seemly ensemble betokened plenty and happiness, "sir, I am famishing. Will you assist me? Will you give me the means of procuring food and a night's lodging?"

"Go along my man, I have nothing for you. You can go to the almshouse, I suppose. I'll give you a line to the Alderman."

"Sir," said the poor man, "I'd rather not go to the almshouse. I only desire a temporary relief. I expect work in a day or two."

"Oh! well, scratch along, my man, you are not so badly off as one would imagine."

"I am absolutely starving. I'm sure you won't miss a quarter of a dollar."

"Bless my soul! do you think I gather my money from trees? Go along—don't be pertinacious; now do take yourself off, there's a brave man."

"You owe me money, sir. I would not remind you of the fact, sir, only that hunger makes me desperate."

"Owe you money?" exclaimed the sleek man, stepping back a pace or two—"You are mad."

"No; seven years ago I worked for you. You failed."

"Oh! ah! an old score. Oh, that's quite another matter. Did it ever strike you that I have taken the benefit of the Act—gone clean through? creditors no one now?—can't touch me!"

"Yes, sir, I earned that money by hard labor. You reaped the benefit of that labor, are rich while I am the poor wretch you see. You owe me that money, sir, in spite of all bankruptcies."

"I never do any thing illegal. What is legal is honorable. The law says I don't owe you a cent."

"Honor says you do, sir, and of the two, honor generally tells more truths than law," said the mendicant, evidently displeased.

"You are getting wearisome. Will you be kind enough to step out of my way?"

"You call yourself a Christian?"

"I am a Christian, I flatter myself a deacon."

"You are esteemed a pious, honest, trust-worthy gentleman?"

"I am as good a one as can be found in the whole religious community."

"Then the dominions of the Evil One can boast of purity when compared with such communities, and the society of thieves is cemented by more real honor. Your respectability, honor, piety, and justice are comprised of your broadcloths and fine words, and go no further. Keep your money—I'd starve before I'd touch a copper of it."

Some time ago (says the New York Sun) the above conversation actually took place on Broadway, near the American Museum. Some time ago the mendicant—now a stove dealer, in tolerable business—employed his oppressor, reduced to want as a porter, and after deducting the amount of his bill from his wages when he had earned the amount of the bill, generously presented it to the fallen Pharisee. This is an absolute fact. Every day life teems with such remarkable transactions, and singular reverses. Retributive justice sooner or later overtakes the evil doer, & the ingenuity of man knows not how to avert the merited and never failing punishment.

"RESOLVED TO DIE RICH."—A very good story is told in the U. S. Journal, of a sailor on board a vessel laden with Spanish dollars, which had been wrecked. The crew were taken off, the wreck in boats, and just before the last boat was pushed off, a man was sent back to ascertain if there might not still be some one else left. On arriving on the main deck, where the casks had been left, he found a fellow who had broken open several of the receptacles of base lucre, and spread the contents thereof on a table cloth on deck, in the midst of which he was seated, weapon in hand. Being told that the ship was fast going to pieces, he replied, "The ship may go—I have lived a poor rascal all my life, and am resolved to die Rich." Remonstrance was in vain, and poor Jack, who preferred the death of a rich man to the life of a "poor rascal," was left to die alone in his glory.

A young gentleman named Glover, from Alabama, a student at the Virginia University, was killed recently in an affray between the students and some of the men of Raymond's menagerie. The Richmond Enquirer contains the following account of the tragic occurrence:

"During the performances, and just as one of the managers had entered the cage with the lion, tiger, leopard and cougar, some of the audience approaching near the cage, were cautioned by one of the men attached to the menagerie not to do so, as serious consequences might ensue to the person in the cage with the wild beasts. Some words ensued between the keeper and one or more of those pressing on to the cage, when one of the latter struck the keeper twice with a cane or stick, and he struck in return with a stick; and levelled two or three persons, one of whom never afterwards spoke a word, and died last night at about 12 o'clock—his name is Glover, a student from Alabama. Two others were seriously injured and are now at the Monticello House, Messrs. Johnson and Williamson; another, Mr. Waring, less injured."

While these things were taking place, the elephant entered the crowd, throwing his proboscis about, to drive the people from the ring. Cries of horror arose on all sides; some were paralyzed with fear, and could not move or be moved by their friends. Men lying as if dead on the ground; the keeper in the lion's cage; men pale with fear; the women shrieking; children and servants crying out that the wild beasts had broken from their cages, and were upon them, and each person anxious to make his escape, presented a scene which few would desire to witness. No damage was done to any person, except what resulted from a blow given by one of the keepers. I did not learn his name.

A coroner's inquest was called this morning, and learned that their verdict was, that the death of Mr. Glover resulted from a blow given by some unknown person. The magistrates have committed to the jail three persons belonging to the menagerie to undergo further examination.

It is stated that Glover was a mild, quiet and amiable young man—not engaged in the affray, but acting as a pacifier. He was in the midst of the combatants, endeavoring to quell the riot, when he received the blow that unfortunately terminated his existence. The man arrested for inflicting the blow by which G. was killed, is John J. Bailey.

Courtship in Church.—A young gentleman happened to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which was a young lady, for whom he conceived a most sudden and violent passion, felt desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency suggested the following plan: he politely handed his fair neighbor an open bible with a pin stuck in the following text: 2d Epistle of John, 5th verse—"and now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a commandment unto thee, but that we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it with the following: 2d chap. of Ruth, 10th v.—"Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take notice of me, seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book pointing to the 3d Epistle of John: "having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink; but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face." From the above interview, the marriage took place the ensuing week.

NEGATIVE INNOCENCE.—"What's the matter John?" "I ain't done nothing, father." "Well what are you crying for, you lubber?" "I was afraid you'd whip me." "What, whip you when you hav'n't done anything?" "Yes, yes." "Go into the house you lubber."

John went into the house and his father went down to the farm. Very soon his father came back in a rage, and laying a cowhide over the urchin's back, said, "Did I not tell you when I went away, to hoe that corn?"

"Yes, sir! but you told me just now that you wouldn't whip me if I hadn't done nothing."

An Indian Speech.

Has-ti-co-luc-chee, an Indian of the Seminole tribe, and nephew of Osceola, delivered an address on Thursday evening at the 1st Presbyterian church, in this city, in accordance with a previous announcement. His voice was good, and his manner earnest, simple, and rather prepossessing. He said, that a few years ago he was a boy in the swamps of Florida. When about ten or eleven years old, his father took him to Augusta, whither the latter went to sell his furs. While there, his father fell in company with another Indian, and both being drunk, they had a quarrel—the white men formed a ring around them and they fought—Has-ti-co-luc-chee's father was so badly injured that he died that night. Next day the young Indian wandered about the town without a protector, and finally got into company with some sailors who enticed him to their ship. He remained on this vessel three years, making voyages to various ports in Europe, Asia and Africa. He learnt the English language and embraced the Christian religion. After leaving the vessel upon which he had been sailing, he returned to his tribe in search of his family, and found they had all died or had been killed in the war. Since that time he has been endeavoring to ameliorate the condition of his Indian brethren by educating and christianizing them. He is now on a tour to collect means for that purpose, and is anxious to procure books, agricultural implements, or anything that may be useful in bettering their condition.

He represents his tribe as being in a very destitute condition in its new location—so much so that many would have died during the last winter, but for the assistance of the neighboring Indians. He denounces the conduct of our government in forcing their removal, and expatiates on their attachment to their native forests, the graves of their ancestors, &c. He says that when they departed to their new home in the West, one of them dug up the bones of his wife and carried them all the way upon his shoulder. [Lou. Dem.]

"PROGRESSIVE" AMERICA.—Is the caption of an article in a late number of the London Times. The writer indulges in many sad reflections because of the rapid growth of the Great Republic. He hears from afar the tread of coming millions; and, in prophetic vision, sees the thrones of hoary oppression melting away before the skill and enterprise and indomitable energy of American freemen. He says:

No European politician can look forward to the power of the United States within the present century, but with the most appalling prospects:

In 1830, the census of population was	12,000,000
In 1840, it was	17,000,000
In 1850, at same rate there will be	24,083,333
In 1860, "	34,118,055
In 1870, "	48,270,959
In 1880, "	68,202,280
In 1890, "	96,610,361
In 1900, "	137,102,513

Speaking of the transformation of the wilderness to the granary of the world—of our wonderful internal improvements, and the far reaching activity of our commerce, he says:

"The greatest labor of Hercules, the noblest deeds recorded of man in ancient or modern history, sink to naught when compared with the doings of Brother Jonathan."

Wonderful Mosquitoes.—There is an anecdote going the rounds of a certain reverend gentleman down East, who on one occasion found his congregation rather drowsy. Wishing to wake them up he broke off in the midst of his sermon and began to relate some wonderful things he had seen in York State. Among other wonders he said he had seen mosquitoes so large that many of them would weigh a pound! and moreover, that they were often known to climb trees and bark!

On being called to account by one of the Deacons who felt himself much scandalized by hearing such incredible stories from the pulpit, the old minister said he really believed, that a great many of them would weigh a pound; and as to the barking, if they climbed trees at all, they would be obliged to climb the bark as well!